## SOMR NEW BOOKS. Men and Monkeys In Bornes.

Since the visit of Mr. A. R. Wallace to th Malay Aschipelago, no such important addition has been made to the data of natural history as is embodied in a record of exact and ample observation in a seldom penetrated field -Two Years in the Jungle, by WILLIAM T. HORN-ADAY (Scribners). The author is not so wel known to the general reader as he is certain to be made by this interesting volume; but as a collector for Ward's natural science establishment, and as the chief taxidermist of the United States National Museum, he had demenstrated to students of natural science his technical proficiency and aptitude for the exended researches which he has since prosscuted in India Cevion, the Malay peninsula and Borneo. He obtained a multitude of specimens, including many of a much-coveted and some of a unique kind, and seems to have been eminently successful in the strictly scientific purpose of his journey. The object of the present narrative is to give in an attractive and intelligible form the general results of his experience, comprising the more striking and characteristic features of the countries visited and the more noteworthy animals and men encountered. But while, owing to the writer's descriptive skill and animation, he is nearly a entertaining as De Foe, the reader has the satisfaction of knowing that the minute attention

to details is no more literary artifice, but the

hall mark, so to speak, of honest scientific in-

vestigation. The twofold fascination of this book for the sportsman and the man of science arises from the fact that Mr. Hornaday was truly, as he calls himself, at once a hunter and a naturalist. He did not content himself with the collection of harmless animals, and rely on the assistance of more adventurous persons for examples of species whose pursuit is attended with considerable danger. To the account of tiger hunts nd elephant hunts several chapters are allotted, and other varieties of big game receive due consideration in that large part of the volume which sets forth the author's experiences in India and the Malay peninsula. But no section of the book appeals quite so forcibly to scien tific interest and popular curiosity as the 150 pages stored with the products of his study of enimals and anthropology in the great island of Borneo. How comprehensive and thorough his investigation was, compared with any previous survey of the same field, may be inferred from his ethnographic map of Borneo, on which he has noted the location of thirty sub-triber of the Dyaks, who occupy, we know, much the largest part of the island. It is true that here his inquiries could not always be pursued at first hand, since overland travel is almost everywhere impracticable for Europeans, who must confine themselves pretty closely to the courses of navigable rivers.

T. We shall sufficiently indicate the value of Mr. Hornaday's researches in Borneo to the naturalist and anthropologist by limiting ourselves to extracts from some chapters which sum up all the information he could obtain about the orang-outang and the Dyak aborigines. After pointing out that the island (which, it is well to remember, is larger than our New England States, Middle States, and Maryland combined contains fourteen species of ages and monkeys reasons for affirming that it is distinctively the home of the orang-outang. "If," he says, "we leave the genus for species home out of the question, the orang occupies the third place in the animal kingdom, only the gorilla and the chimpanzee being ranked above it. • • The beel-bone is proportionally longer, and the the gibbons. \* \* Of all the higher area, the orang comes nearest to man in the number of ribs and in the form of the cerebral hemiapheres, but differs from him in the limbs more than do the gorilla and chimpan-tee. • • In its habits the orang, like the two species last named, are not gregarious. while the gibbons are. The most striking feature of the orang is its great size and general resemblance to man. The chest. arms and hands are especially human in their size and general outline. But the natural position of the human hand at rest is with the fingers slightly bent, whereas that of the orang's i with the fingers tightly closed, and when meas uring our dead specimens we often found it an absolute impossibility to straighten a single of the hand. Thus, when an orang is asleen the most natural position he can assume is to firmly grasp a branch with each hand." - The never sits down, as do the gibbons, ar therefore has no ischial callosities. With respect to facial peculiarities. Mr. Hornaday assures us that each orang differs quite as widely from his fellows as will one man from another where both belong to the same unmixed rac-

Not only are orange non-gregarious, but they carry the predilection for solitude to a remarkable extreme. "The old males are always found alone, and two adult females are never found together." It may here be mentioned that the female has but one infant at a birth, and that the child does not leave its mother until nearly two years of age. The nest or dwelling of the orang is built precisely as a man would built one, were he obliged to pass a night in a tree top, with neither axe nor knife to cut branches I have seen." says Mr. Hornaday. "in the forest one or two such nests of men where the ilder had only his bare hands to work with. and they were just as rudely constructed. of just such materials, and in about the same nosition as the average orang nest." Of root building by the orang-outangs Mr. Hornaday never saw or heard, but he was led to believe that some individuals may have a habit of covering their bodies with branches for protection against a heavy rain storm. He observed that his little pet orang "would invariably cover his head and body with straw of se clothing the moment it began to rain, even though he was under a roof." The author naiders the orang the most helpless of all the quadrumana. Owing to the great weight of their bodies and the peculiar structure of their hands they cannot run nimbly, and never dare to spring from one tree to the next. They are utterly incapable of standing fully erect without touching the ground with the hands. In their native forests they are very seldom known to descend to the earth, and Mr. Hornaday never saw or heard of a single instance of the kind. With regard to the maximum size attained by the orang-outang, about which there has been some controversy, the author's experience has been more extensive than that of Mr. Wallace, and has caused him to adopt different conclusions. Mr. Wallace examined the bodies of seventeen freshly killed orange. and, as the result of his measurements, denied that there was any trustworthy evidence for the existence of orange in Borneo mere than four feet two inches high. The number of specimens of the orang measured by Mr. Hornaday immediately after their death was forty-three, and of these no fewer than seven exceeded the maximum height assigned by Mr. Wallace, the tallest being 4 feet 6 inches, and the next in size 4 feet 5% inches. Mr. Hornaday would not, of course, look

to the orang for the missing link in the evolutionary chain, but rather to some anthropold form, extinct or undiscovered, but closely ailled to the troglodites (gorilla and chimpan The collective effect produced on his mind by the study of the orang is, neverthe-"We will not," less, candidly acknowledged. he writes, "say anything about the place the crang has in the long chain of evolution; but while abstract argument leads hither and hither, according as this or that writer is most ably gifted for the same, there is still one argument or influence to which every true naturalist is amonable, and which no one will ignore who has studied from nature a group of typical forme. Let such an one (if, indeed, one exists to-day) who is prejudiced against the Darwinian views go to Borneo; let him there watch from day to day this strangely human form in all its various phases of existence; let him see the crang climb, walk, build its nest, eat, drink and aght like a human rough; let him and contented human being under the

see the female suckle her young and carry it astride her hip, precisely as do the coolie women'of Hindostan; let him witness their human-like emotions of affection, satisfaction pain, and rage-let him soo all this, and then he may feel how much more potent has been this lesson than all he has read in pages of abstract ratiocination."

11. The Dyaks of Borneo (by the natives pronounce 1 Dyah) are, to ethnologists, the most interesting of all aboriginal races; because, on the one hand, they have raised themselves under indigenous conditions to a high moral and mental as well as physical level, and have, on the other hand, effectually resisted the most strenuous efforts of missionaries—Protestant, Catholic, and Mohammedan alike. With regard to the Dyaks of the north, partially Mongolized by Chinese Influence, and the Kyan Dyaks of the interior (to whom as the most savage representatives of the race cannibalism has been imputed), Mr. Hornaday is forced to rely on the assertions of other explorers, and verify by oral inquiry. His knowledge of the Sea Dyaks and Hill Dyaks, who present in all respects the highest types of Dyak capacity and character, was gathered at first hand, and are so exhaustive as to justify us in drawing refinite conclusions regarding the place of this nteresting people in the scale of humanity From the facts here made known to us it cer ainly seems doubtful whether commerce, edueation, or religion could in anywise increase its happiness. The Dyaks, it seems, are free from the beset

ting vice of almost all barbarous races that have been brought into contact with the commercial side of civilization. Far from being habitually intemperate, or drinking to excess apon the slightest pretext, the Dyaks allow hemselves to drink intoxicating beverages only upon great occasions, such as the gather ng of a harvest, the marriage of a person of note, or the visit of some European of disinction. The materials for feasting which are hen provided include a liberal supply of pain toddy (which the Chinese taught the islanders to manufacture), and, after the women have taken from the men all their weapons to avert accidents, they go to work deliberately to make their husands, lovers, and masculine friends drunk. Dynk girl, it seems, considers it the greatest an in the world to coax a redoubtable warrior into drinking until he is unable to stand. But so rare are these festive indulgences that during the whole period of his wanderings in Sarawak Mr. Hornaday never saw a Dyak feast, or ar intoxicated Dyak, or even a drop of the palm orandy that lays the warriors low. Mr. Frederick Boyle, who was present at one of the Dynk feasts, has recorded his amazement that extreme insbriation could not make a Dyak fream of violating the laws of decorum and good temper. In other words, a Dyak, even when drunk, is a gentleman. The gentleness which coexists in these reputed savages with he most dauntless bravery is signally demonstrated in their treatment of women. Among he Soa Dyake, who, until the suppression of piracy by Rajah Brooke, were the veritable Vikings of the Malay Archipelago, woman, from the cradle to the grave, is considered man's equal except in the woration of hunting and fighting. Her opinion is received with seriou consideration, and her advice is always asked in all matters of importance. Mr. Hornaday recognized one cause of the high social position ecupied by women in the fact Dyak parents are too fond of their children to make them marry against their will, or for mercenary motives. The Dyaks believe in strict chastity, both before and after marriage, and lapses from virtue are considered highly shameful. The author evidently has in view the discrimination made by the English law of divorce, when he adds: Strangely enough, these simple-minded say religion, hold that in cases of unchastity or in idelity to the marriage relation the man in the case is equally guilty with the woman, and the same disgrace and punishment are meted out to both participants in the offence. The author also notes that "under no circumstances does a Dyak woman attempt to produce a miscarriage, the common and unpreventable crime of civilization in its highest state." Monogamy is almost universal, only one wife being allowed except in rare in stances where a chief is permitted to take a second. Consanguineous marriages, including the wedding of cousins, are absolutely prohib-

ited. The marriage ceremony is devoid of any

solemn vows and protestations, and destitute

Indispensable that the intention of the parties

should be unmistakably made public. Divorce

with the conduct of the other may pay over

fine to the original offender, after which both

not uncommon, but the party dissatisfied

even a spark of religious sen

parties are free to marry again. Mr. Hornaday is so astonished at the universal observance of the rights of property among the Dyaks that he repeatedly recurs to their phenomenal honesty. In all civilized countries, as we are reminded by the author, men who have portable property are careful to put it out of a stranger's way, and many of those careful to avoid statutable theft will steal by wholesale through contracting debts that they have no power to pay. The Dyaks, on the other hand, though they have no written language and no social laws except the customs and traditions banded down from their ancestors, are abso lutely guiltless of every transgression against property. "I have never," says Mr. Hornaday heard of a single instance of theft from any European, Malay, or Chinaman committed by Sea or Hill Dyak. Where else," he conbut among the Dyaks will traveller dare to trust a cart load of boxes and packages, none of them securely fastened at illed with scores of trifles, any one of which would be dear to a native's heart, in the centre of a village of fifty strange natives, with no one to watch for thieves? You can do this among he Dyaks, and lose not one cent's worth. Even the empty tin cans I threw out of the louse were brought to me and shown before they were appropriated." An equally astound-ing Dyak trait is their inflexible probity in the payment of debts. "If the people of a village want goods, a foreign trader will give them his whole cargo, if he can got them to accept it, in exchange for a promise to pay in jungle produce, to be afterward collected. The day for full settlement is named by the head man, and by that time the debts are all paid." Such are the Dyak virtues, and the reader will be surprised to hear that neither the Sea nor the Hill Dyaks, who are most conspicuous for them, have any priests or creeds, or even the faintest notion offreligious observances. They believe, indeed, that the dead go below the earth, and they have a faint notion of a Supreme Spirit, but they do not attribute to it the insulcation of any ethical rules or the requirement of any form of worship. Of religion. therefore, in the practical meaning of the term, they are entirely destitute. Their moral laws are the product of their own indigenous evolution, for we see in them no reflection of the religious customs of any of the peoples that have thus far come in contact with them, either Hindoos, Javanese, Chinese, Malays, or Europeans. Savage nations usually acquire all the vices and but very few of the virtues of the civilization which touches them; but so far the Dynks of northwestern Borneo have gone through the fire unscathed.

What deductions are drawn by Mr. Hornaday from his enviable experiences among these unwarped sons of the mountain and of the sea? When he seeks to convey the general impression made en him, he speaks with an enthusiasm that he is careful to repress in his recital of observed facts. "We soo," he says, these strange children of nature all the cardinal virtues without a ray of religion, morality rist or gospel. They keep no Sabbaths, pray no prayers, build no temples, worship nothing

and nobody, and acknowledge no higher tri-

bunal than the bar of publicopinion, on the one

hand, and the Sarawak Government court upon

the other. The Dyak is perhaps the most happy

His wants are few, and his na-jungle supplies nearly all of them. charity, the Dyaks are not outranked by any people living, so far as I know, and their morals are as much auperior to ours as our intelligence is beyond theirs. If happiness be the goal of human existence, they are much nearer it than we. In this instance, at least, it is not the highest civilization that has evolved the most perfect state of society, and, to this extent the fundamental theories of theology. of sociology, and human evolution are utterly at fault. Borneo is no field for the missionary for no religion will give the Dyak aught that will benefit him, or increase the balance of his happiness in the least."

The Rev. B. F. BARRETT, in a volume en

Swedenborg's Doctrino About Heavon

titled Heaven Revealed (Porter & Coates), give a summary of Swedenborg's revelations about mental idea underlying these revelations, and which Swedenborg lays down as an inexpugna ble fact is that when the departed enter the spiritual world through the gate of death they are just exactly the same indi-viduals that they were before they passed through that gate. For example: If the island of New York should be suddenly swallowed up by an earthquake and all of its inhabitants should perish, they would pass into the spiritual world with all the individual tastes, notions, thoughts, affections passions, prejudices, hatreds, and ambitions which they had in this life. Every one of them would be precisely himself or herself, friends and acquaintances would recognize one another, and in the main they would look and act the same as they had looked and acted in this world. In short, all the varied phases and as pects of New York life would be exhibited by the new colony from Manhattan that the earth quake had precipitated upon the shores of the

spiritual world. "And is this heaven?" some astounded reader may exclaim. No. Swedenborg would tell them, this is not heaven. We have not arrived at heavon yet; we are only on our way there. This is the spiritual world in the mass, including both good and evil; it is the great caravansary where the members of the everlasting caravan of translated mortals successively stop for a while to get ready for their final and eternal destina tion. It is here that the process of judgment takes place, which consists in the revealing exposure of every one's true, inward, essential, absolute character. All restraints of hy-poorisy are thrown off here, and everybody goes his way with perfect freedom, just as people do in this world when they get into countries or cities where they are unknown. In the early days of California people who at home were supposed to be saints, were found keeping gaming saloons and rum holes in San Francisco and in the mining regions. They had got into communities that did not know their antecedents. and would soon know them personally no straints of society, they acted out their real It is the same in the spiritual world. And there people go on in their chosen careers, until they become fitted for heaven or for hell, and then to heaven or hell they go. No atom of goodness can enter hell; no particle of wickedness can enter heaven. Hence, in order that the wicked may become ripe for hell, they must secome totally wicked, and the good must be purged of every remnant of falsity and evil sefore they can enter heaven, in accordance with the Scripture doctrine: "Either make the tree good and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt, for the tree s known by his fruit."

The men and women who go to hell become devils, and those who go to heaven become angels. According to Swedenborg there is neither a devil in hell nor an angel in heaver hat was not previously a human being; devils being merely bad men and women who have become so utterly deprayed that "every imagination of their hearts is evil continually." while angels are simply good men and women whose natures have been so perfected through regeneration that the image and likeness of God have been practically restored in them. And now, in the discussion of this theme, we have arrived at heaven, the spiritual Mount ion and city of the living God, and to an innumerable company of angels, the spirits of

ust men made perfect. According to Swedenborg, heaven is a perfeetly organized state of human or angelic soloty, in which there is no taint whatever o selfishness, and in which all angelic men and women love God with all their heart, mind. soul, and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. No one can be a member of this heavenly society unless he first has the spirit heaven within him. Heaven is not a place like the Central Park, into which anybody may enter with enjoyment who is permitted to do so. If a wicked man were permitted to enter heaven, it would be a scene of misery to him Primarily, heaven is a state of heart and mind -a heavenly state of heart and mind in which heavenly principles rule every affection of the heart and every thought of the mind, and make the soul a little heaven in itself. And it is the society of persons having such hearts and devil would not be happy in heaven, any more than a vile, wicked ruffian would be happy in a prayer meeting. A devil is one who has levilish heart and mind, and prefers the company of beings like himself; and therefore he prefers hell to heaven, and goes to hell because he prefers it, and not because he is driven there as a punishment.

In heaven, the highest ambition, the most ardent desire of every one, is to be of use to others. The desire to be useful is the motive power of the whole heavens, and usefulness is he pivot on which the whole heavenly society revolves. The employments of heaven are infinite in their variety. One of the chief vocations is the care of children. Millions upon millions of chil dren are constantly arriving in the spiritual world, and "it is not the will of our Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." The most ample, the most thorough, the most beneficent, the most ingenious and beautiful, the most thoughtful and tonder means and modes which Divine love can inspire and Divine wisdom and power carry out are care, education, and development of children in heaven. Swedenborg's treatment of this theme is perhaps the most attractive portion of his pneumatology; and it would be impossible for any one believing in a future life, who has lost a child, or an infant brother or sister, or any little immortal that he loved, not to wish that every word which Hwedenborg

says on this subject is true. All the domestic relations are enjoyed to the fullest extent in heaven. There, love is pure, unselfish, holy. There are no conjugal incom patibilities in heaven. There, man and wife are indeed one one in heart, one in mind, in soul, one in spirit and desire. Under the happifying influences of such divine conjugalove, the homely become beautiful, the old become young, and the domestic relations grow sweeter and more blessed as the cons of eternity roll on.

In the life of heaven all the faculties of the mind and all the affections of the heart are perpotually developed to their utmost, and yet they never reach a point where their development is arrested. There is a ways something new to learn, something novel to experience something more delicious to enjoy. And those glorious conditions are not figurents of the imagination, but actual, dowaright, practical relations, which are perpetually enjoyed. They are as substantial as God Himself, and minister to the delight of angelic human faculties, which by heavenly influences have become so enlarged, intensified, and ennobled as to set their beatific enjoyments far beyond our nowers of apprehension while we are in this world. "Eye bath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." What might be called the metaphysical dia-

lectics of this work, in their scope, breadth of treatment, and firmness of grip, go beyond and rise above ordinary treatises on these subjects, but they are too deep for any one to wade unless he be theologically shod with seven-league boots. Mr. Barrett supplements and reenforces the revelations of Swedenborg with arguments and illustrations of his own, drawn from Scripture, reason, analogy, observation, philosophy, history, individual experience, authenticated facts, the known laws of our mental and moral constitution, and the wisdom and beneficence of God as revealed in His Word, His works, and His providence. Whatever the author could do to make the spiritual truths of which he treats apprehensible to the ordinary mind he has done. He has performed his task in a reverent spirit; an atmosphere of earnestness and sincerity envelops the ok which prepossesses one in its favor; and to those who wish for such information as Swedenborg gives about the future life 'Heaven Revealed" will be an interesting and

The Cancus Defended. There has been of late years so much deunclation of our wonted method of nominating candidates for public offices-although conemporaneously the same expedient has been looked upon with growing favor in Great Britain -that it is refreshing to see the merits of the machinery recognized in *The American Caucus* System, by Gronge W. Lawton (Putname). This is a treatise which should have wide circulation in England, where there is an astonishing amount of misconception regarding the origin history, and meaning of the word "caucus." It is also a mistake, so far as the essential principle is concerned, to suppose that the process of selection designated by that term was first applied in that country by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his co-workers in the management of Birmingham, whence it has been since extended to large number of boroughs and counties. As a matter of fact, the thing is old enough in England, however new may be the word. But after

reading Mr. Lawton's monograph, Americans will be less prompt to pique themselves on freedom from the ignorance and error current in England on the subject, for they will find that they themselves have a good deal to learn about the genesis, historical evolution, and philosophy of a practice with which they conceive themselves exhaustively acquainted.

The etymology of the word caucus is uncerain, and the date of its first use in America is unknown, though Mr. Lawton shows good reason for believing it much earlier than is commonly imagined. A passage dated 1764 in the diary of John Adams speaks of the ous Club" as if the term and the kind of net vate, informal meeting denominated were fa-miliar to him. The historian Gordon, writing in 1778, declares that the word was then "no a novel invention," and that the mechanism referred to was introduced by the father of Samuel Adams more fifty years before. The earliest example of the thing on this side of the Atlantic seems to have been an informal coming together of deputies from the several towns of the Plymouth colons in 1635 on the day before the annual election for the purpose of agreeing on a candidate for Governor, who was subsequently chosen. But, as Mr. Lawton points out, there is a far more ancient instance of the perception of the advantages desirable from preconcerted measures on behalf of a given candidate, including even an arrangement for securing the floating vote, which is usually assumed to be a modern abuse. The precedent will be found set forth in detail in the ninth chapter of the Book of Judges, though it must be owned that the fate which overtool the first inventor and earliest practitioners of the caucus system scarcely seems to invest i with a Scriptural sanction. The uncarthing of this precedent reflects credit on the author's industry and ingenuity; but we are not sure that its production was judicious from a ratio cinative or merely persuasive point of view. It is manifest that either in pure democracle

or in those mixed polities, wherein the people

are allowed to exercise only a mediate action through representative institutions, some mode of concentrated and united effort on the part of those who favor a specific measure or particular man is certain to be resorted to The necessity of combination will engender some expedient, and it is of minor import wha name it bears or what form it takes. The number of cooperators may, in a given instance, be so few as to deserve the nickname of a cabal as was the case with the small cotorie that managed to dominate Parliament for a time in the reign of Charles II., or it may be a self-perpetunting organization, half political, half social of considerable magnitude, like the Cariton Club or the Reform Club, which until recently exerted almost irresistible prodominance over the nominations and management of their respective parties. In a word, the caucus in some one or other of its varieties is an inseparable outgrowth and complement of political influonce, and from the moment that the franchise was bestowed upon large masses of people it became indispensable as an agency for making the privilege acquired effective. This was clearly seen and frankly acknowledged by John Adams, who owed his failure to obtain a second term of the Presidency to the successful working of the caucus system in the interest of his opponent. In a letter to Roger Sherman (quoted in this book) John Adams says: "All these complications of machinery, these wheels within whoels-imperia within imperia-have not been sufficient to satisfy the people. They have invested a bal ance to all balances in their caucuses-State caucuses, district caucuses, town caucuses. parish caucuses, and Sunday caucuses at shurch doors; and in these aristocratical caucuses elections are determined." By the adsetive "aristocratical," Adams, as the context shows, means to imply that, in the eyes of those attending a given caucus, they are thomselves the best men, or, in an etymological

sense, the aristocrats of their party. The author of this learned and interesting realiss never loses sucht of his prime aim, which is to convince the reader that he may mend, but cannot suppress, the caucus. It is optional with those who object to the abuses through which its true function is often lost sight of, to try to cleanse and renovate the exsting machinery in their town, county, and State, or, if they doubt their competence to do this, to form a caucus of their own.

Book Antes.

Bret Harte's story of "Maraja," which appeared last number with illustrations in Harper's Week'y, is now issued in a convenient pocket volume.

Baizac's "Pere Goriot" is published in an English
translation by Roberts Brothers. It is one of his most owerful novels, and we are serry that the name of the anslator is not given.

Harper's Frankin Square Library is increased by F. W. Robinson's novel called "The Courting of Mary Smith," and to their Handy Series the addition of the week is "The Luck of the Darrella," by James Payn. In "Killed by a Brother Soldier" (Putnams) Gen ames B. Fry narrates the story of the killing of Gen ceison by Gen. J. C. Davis at the Gault House in Louis ville. This thrilling tale has never been told so well as

y Gen. Pry. An important historical work is William Repworth Dizon's "Her Majesty's Tower," republished with illustrations from the seventh London edition (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). A copious index adds to the value of this entertaining and instructive book.

The eighth part of Mr. Ruskin's "Roadside Songs of Tuscany "appears with two illustrations. It is a benu-tiful and peculiar work. The third part of "Practeria." Mr. Ruskin's autobiography, is also published (John Wiley & Sone).
The cieventh volume of Brockhaus's Conversations

Lexiton (Westermann & Co.) has been issued. It com-prises 954 pages of realing matter, and carries the work as far as the mame of John Murray, the London publisher. The commendation we have best wed upon the previous volumes of this edition (the libreauth) of Brockhous's the present one surinently deserves.

## The Stanton-Nash Shooting.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 24.—Developments have ANN HAVAN, Sept. 23.—Developments have come to light in the mysterious case in which Daniel E. Signitors of Mystic shot and killed his friend and school hate, Fred P. Nash, we infent last wilter near of smentown dunction. We The prosecuting atternes has interested as witness we have been sufficient in the defence with hold the sast freestal has brief to red stan on of \$1.08. The latter, that have great from a large sum of storey. Stanton small, Met Line A. Wheeler of Systic, by when he was brought up, has merigaged her home to pay the expenses of the trial. POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Barter. Yes, there's a hole; you needn't be At pains to point it out to me; I know it. I do not obeing the place is whole. Or that its yard of width is full;
I merely show it.

Past color ! Do I really think When dried ! Now that I've got it off the shelf, You'd better test the dyes yourself, And so decide.

Cotton ! I dare surmise it's full Of threads that one might wish were wool,
If wishing did it.
Look sharp; but if through being blind Bome flaw or fault you fall to find.

Don't say I hid it. The price is high ! You think it so ? Well, this is not, I'd have you know, A bankrupt sale.
These wares of mine if you despise Some other dealer's merchandise May find more favor in your eyes; I shall not fail.

His First Wife.

From the Indianapolis Journal I buried my first womern
In the spring, and in the fall
I was married to my second
And halo't settled yir at all.
For I'm alius thinkin', thinkin'
Of the first one's peaceful ways,
A bilin's eap and singin'
Of the Lord's amazin' grace.

And I'm thinkin' of her constant,
Dyein' carpet chain and stuff,
And a makin' up rag carpets
When the floor was good anough;
And I mind her he'p a feedin'
And I recoilect her now
A drappin' corn and keepin'
Clos't behind me and the plough.

And I'm alius thinkin' of her Reddin' up around the house, Br cookin' for the farm hands, An's drivin' up the cows; And there sip lays out yender By the lower medier fence, Where the cows was barely gratin' And they're usin' ever sence.

And when I look acrost there— Say it's when the clover's rips, And I'm settin' in the seein'. On the perch here with my pipe, And the other'u hollers "Henry!" Why, they sin't no sadder thing Than to think of my first women And her funeral last spring.

JANES WHITCOMS RILEY.

From Our Little Ones The tales are told, the sours are sung.

The evening roup is over.

And up the nursery states they climb,
With fittle buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts \_Are full of crowding fancies: Are full of crowding fancies:
From song and tale and make-believe
A wondrous web of dreams they weave
And siry child romances. The starry night is fair without; The new unou rises showly: The nursery lamp is burning faint; Bach white-robed like a little saint, Their prayers they murmur lowly

Good night! The tired heads are still, On pillows acft reposing
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begins to creep,
Their drowsy eyes are closing. Good night: While through the silent air.
The moonbeams pale are streaming.
They drift from daylight's noisy shore.
Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming.

Won at Last. From the Churchman. Some one came and rested there beside me, Speaking words I never thought would bless Such a loveless life; I longed to hide me, Feating ion-ly on my happiness. It is the voice I heard Picolad for a word, Till I gave my whispered answer, Yes.

Tes; that little word so softly spoken Changed all life for me, my own, my own! All the cold gray spell! I saw unbroken, All the twinght days seemed past and gone, And how warm and tright In the ruddy light Pleasant June days of the future shone.

So we wandered through the gate together,
Hand in hand upon our future way.
Leaving shade and cold behind for ever,
Out to where the red sun's westering ray
Gave a promise fair
Of such beauty rare
For the dawning of another day.
HELEN MARION BURNETS.

Hase Ball. From the Democrat and Chronick Tis a glorious game, with a woll-carned fame, A diamond in royal acting; And its beautiful rays ight up our days. From the field with an emerald freiting. So day after day I am watching the play. Absorbed in the ourings and innings; Though I risk not a dime. I'm the gamer each time, And the joy that it gives is my winnings.

But sometimes on a day my mind is away. From the game with an idle perusing.
And I think of another so much like the other. That I blend them together in missing:
The best old wame of life, with its compuest and strife, with its wonderful outlings and innings;

There's the man at the bat, he's a king on that plat, and he watches the ball that is decting. Till his blow meets the same, and it were o'er the game. And receives from the people a greeting. The the man who doth wait white fortune that's great, Changing hands like the shuttle in weaving. Comes an it touches his mace, and he ruis every base, while the people shout, "Luck is retrieving!"

See the pitcher, whose aim is surely not tame.
While his curvings are often perplexing:
And the poise of ms fat, with the twist of his wrist.
To those running the bases is vexing.
Tis the man who in fame his the mark all the same.
Though no throw a curved ball there to do it;
And the one who would steat to a base on his field.
Will have cause to remember and rue it.

And the catcher with nerve that all good might deserve,
And a visor drawn low for the danger;
With a smile by that base that's as cruel to face
As the blow of a spiteful skyranger—
The the man of strong serve whom no terror can swerve,
And who laughs where the peri is thickest;
And he guards the home base 'gainst the strong in the And outs them with hand that is quickest. There's the guard at each base who, elect in his place. Knows his work and performs it with pleasure; And the fielders that siand with the kame well in hand And consider high balls but a treasure; 'Its the men of each acc, who on history's page. Have written their names with their actions; Catching fame on the fly, though it comes from the sky. And ne'er bothered with foolish attractions.

So the old game of life, with its conquest and strife,
Ever moves, with no paneeur delaying.
The wise said the great and the foulish with fate
United the great world are playing.
Anthe zames with user close, "hill the books shall dis closs.

All the wonderful outings and innings.

All the sun mean the West and the players at rost,

With the sun mean the West and the players at rost,

And the blest with their hountiful winnings.

S. D. RIGHARDSON.

"This, too, Shall Pass Away." From the Youth's Companion. Art thou in misery, brother! Then, I pray, Be comforted! Thy grief shall pass away. Art thou elated? Aht be not too gay: Temper thy joy; this, too, shall pass away! Art thou in danger? Still let reason away. And cling to hope; this, too, shall pa-s away! Tempted, art thout In all thine anguish lay One truth to heart: this, too, shall pass away! Do rays of loftiest glory round thee play? King-like art thou? this, too, shall pass away! What-'er thou art, where'er thy footseps stray, Herd the wire words: this, too, shall pass away PAUL HAMILTON HATER

From Everinsting to Everineting. From the London Christian World. Per'm les ; 11.

The mercy of the Lord
Was the subject of the singer.
Twas the theme he towed the best.
He had known that mercy long.
Could be measure or define if
Only no mortal could describe it,
But he sought to full the wonder.
And the worth of it he song.

As for man, his days are numbered.
Like the grass that fills the meadow
A little white or doursheth.
And then he fades away;
like the early miss of morning,
like a abort and soon told story,
lies a worffly flying arrow
Is his transient life day.

But our fied lives on forever, And Ills lovele as enduring As—the poet found no words. This sould after a line meant. For Guids merey has no coding, and he found not its beginning. The as was widting merey. And it never can be spant. So he wrote, "From everlasting And broad to everlasting " Common words, but who can fathom The deer mystery they hold? All the mind gets three of guessing. And the dream—thoughts cannot picture. And sternity place. And electrity alone
God's great morey can unfold.

We may see it manifested in the moor and enough with the moor and enough and river. In the moor and enough in the corn wealth of the land, in the corn wealth of the land, in the hence of all the purpose. And the common ingrand gradues, but no language on express it.

And no heart can understand

Then let no one date to measure for residual this houseless mercy, and its sear feart take confort, and the timid ones be alroined to creature in franching the creature is furnished the time of the fact that worked and the residual for the fact the residual fact the fact the residual worked bround take up the passion of a bound.

POKER ON THE WENATCHER. How Butcher and the Indians Hit It Off at the Came.

Virginia. I have forgotten his real name, if I

ever knew it, which I greatly doubt, as it was

not considered polits to inquisitively inquire

into the antecedents of the gentlemen one

met in mining camps or at isolated trading

posts. If you were introduced to a merry man

who gloried in the name of "Buckskin" or "Ar-

kansas" or "Spraddle-leg Tim," it was emi-

nently proper and heathful to address him as

such, and it was considered highly improper

and vulgar to endeavor to climb into the gen-

ealogical tree of any gentleman who might

have sought solltude for the benefit of his

Butch was a one-eyed man. The missing eye

afterward learned, had been dropped in a

California mining camp one evening when

Butch was having a little fun with the boys.

He was a merry, thoughtless man, and incau-tiously raised an ace full, which he had been at

considerable trouble to gather, directly after a

confusion that followed the discovery that six

or seven aces were on the table Butch's eye

had been promptly extracted by another merry

man, and he had been awkwardly carved by a

third and bunglingly shot by a fourth. On his

recovery Butch said that though he did not

mind having a little fun with the boys, the

boys of that camp played a little too roughly

for him. So he left and established himself at

the mouth of the Wenatchee. He traded for

furs. He played poker with the Indians. He

raised cattle. He sold whiskey to Indians and

Butch was a grand scamp, a brave, reckless

ruffian, but he had some very good points. For

instance, he could make excellent hoe cakes

and he was cheerful and companionable, and

could tell highly interesting lies. We became

attached to each other, and, though I knew he

was a murdorer and a thief, and that he was

selling whiskey to the Indians, and smuggling

oplum across the line from British Columbia.

I did not care. I was young and careless, and

besides, as I said, he could make excellent hos

cakes. One evening, as we sat side by side on

the sandy soil, leaning against the house and

smoking our after-supper pipes, and I was lis-

tening to a remarkably good lie about a bear

that frightened all the other bears out of an

extensive mountain range by fraudulently

using a long pole to mark his height on the

trees, a group of Indians, driving cattle before

them, rode from behind a rocky point that was

Instantly Butch sprang to his feet and rushed

into the cabin. He put on a cunningly devised

harness that held two navy six-shooters in a

handy position under his arms. He put on his

coat. He pulled at the pistols to see if they

were loose, and that there would be no hitch in the performance if anything more

than a rehearsal should be required. In a few

minutes the party of horsemen drew rein in

front of the cabin. They were three young

bucks from Meses's camp in the Grand Coulee

Butch greeted them cheerfully and helped to

corral the cattle. Then he told me that these

men were the selected poker players of the

Columbia Plains Indians; that they had been

staked by the tribe to play with him in hopes of

winning a number of cattle. Yes, he said, the

was dealt Butch quietly informed the Indians

that English and Chinook only could be spoken

at the table, and that the first Indian who spoke

in his own (and to Butch unknown) tongue

would have the top of his head shot off. The

braves cheerfully agreed to this condition

Then the relative value of cowe, calves, and

steers was agreed upon. They decided to play

table stakes. The checks were platel and mus-

ket balls. Ten pistol balls were equal in value

to a caif, or to a musket ball. Three musket

A heavy California blanket was thrown over a

rough table. A candle was thrust into a tomato

can that was filled with beans, and the game

began. The strong wind ceased blowing. The

allence of the plains was broken only by the

mysterious groaning and sighing of the mighty

river as it swept past the cabin to the sea. Hour

after hour passed, and not a word was spoken

by the players. With faces as unchangeable as

pronze the three Indians played, and, favored

by the dim light and the fact of Butch's having

but one eye, how they did cheat! The luck

varied, as it always does in a poker game. Now

they would be ahead, now Butch. I dropped

isleep, and when I awoke it was nearly

Butch's back was toward me. I saw some

cards thrust under his coat collar. I knew he

was waiting for the end to come. One of the

Indians dealt. Butch picked up his cards,

neck, adroitly exchanged the cards he held for

those in reserve, and then thrust the cards he

had received below his shirt collar. Then he

turned to me, exposing the back of his

a wink of great sagacity at mo.

head to the Indians, and he winked

turned to the table. He was aged man. The

indian to his left bet a calf. The next one

straddled it. The dealer went a cow better,

cows. All stayed. All stood pat. Then the

petting began in earnest. It went on until all

the cattle the Indians brought were staked.

queens and an ace. The Indians all had fours,

which they had stolen, of course. They grunt-

paims of open hands, to express surprise. Then they bade us good-by and mounted, and, sing-

ing as they rode, disappeared in the faint gray

light of early morning. Butch had won thirty

head of cattle. As we got breakfast the king of

What finally became of the Butcher? He was

accused of stealing cattle-a lie, probably. The

vigilantes visited him and ordered him to

some misunderstanding, brought him in dead.

He was past answering awkward questions,

So the exasperated vigilantes hung the

Butcher as a murderer, a cattle thief, a whis-

key seller, and a bad man generally. What?

Yes, I believe they did divide Butch's cattle

and goods among themselves. You see, Butch

was dead and did not need cattle or provisions,

and goods. Of course not. He was simply a

the ruffian community (he lived sixty miles

from his nearest neighbor) living on the fron-

tier. And they took charge of the ownerless

cattle, so that the poor creatures should not

The Eric Hard Coal Experiments.

Railread Commany's locomotive, which has been in use on the Enstern division of the Eric Railway for the

past fortnight, testing the practicability of burning as

past fortnight, testing the practicability of burning antipacite cuel in the Eric locomotives, made her lest trip last svening on the St. Louis limited express, making the run between New York and Waterly, where she will be transferred back to the Lening valler road. The experiments with the locomotive were not successful and matter of making schadule time, but the failure in the garded as due entirely to the fact that the locomotive is not leavy enough for the Eric work, and not to any fault of the failured. While their caseful in that respect, fault of the failured could be used to advantage on their road, that hard out can be used to advantage on their road, the limited for the transfer out can be used to advantage on their road, the limited for the transfer out can be used to advantage on their road, the limited for the transfer out can be used to advantage on their road, the limited for the transfer out can be used to advantage on their road, the first part of the soft-coal engines will be reconstructed for antiractic at an early day.

An Unfortunate Loss.

"That durined speckled critter with the broken horn," said an exasperated farmer, "makes more trouble than all the cows I've got put together. If I could give her away I'd do it. I'd fat her fee beef, but she'd cost mere'n she'd be with."
That same night a railroad train ran ever her and allied her, and the farmer, with tears in his eyes, told the efficial of the road who was prepared to remunerate him for his less that if it had been any one of his other cows are wouldn't care so much, but to lose the visitable anitual, the only thoroughbred he ever possessed to expected to possess, was a misfortune almost beyond money reparation.

"Tuat durned speckled critter with the broken

Post Jesus, Sept. 22.-The Lebigh Valley

FRANK WILKEBON.

suffer during the following winter.

slubs fell out of Butch's right trousers leg.

bring in his herder. He did so, but, owing

ed loudly. They struck their mouths with the

Then came the show down. Butch had fou

and Butch saw it all and raised the pot two

to me for an instant and then

raised his right hand to scratch the back of his

balls equalled a cow in value.

cattle were the stakes. Before the first hand

thrust into the waters of the Columbia.

provisions to Chinese miners.

cold deck had been rung in on the game. In the

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25 .- "I think it's Simmons," said the signature expert of the Treasury, as he laid aside the magnifying glass and Some years ago I served the Northern Pawiped his eyes with a silk handkerchief. He eific Railroad Company on a barometrical survey of some passes through the Cascade Mounhad for half an hour been examining a curious tains and of the eastern approaches to them. In early August, when the Columbia Plains scroll on the back of a check. It consisted of a black stroke of a pen, tapering off to an irreguwere brown, and the air dry and hot, my bustlar line, and was there to represent the name ness called me to the Wenatchee River. At its of some bank cashler. mouth I met the Butcher, familiarly called Butch, a red-haired, yellow-eyed ruffian from

"There is not a letter in it," he said, holding it up to the light, "but it means Simmons," Do you have many of that sort ?"

FUNNY SIGNATURES

"Worse than that. Five or six hundred dif-ferent signatures pass through here in a month maybe and two-thirds of them are illegible. Bank cashiers seldom make any letters in their signatures. They adopt a certain form of scroll generally and always use it for their signature Some of them are very curious. This, for instance," and he took from a drawer a paper across which was scrawled a character that looked like a schoolboy's sketch of a whiriwind. The line had been spun around and around in one piece like a spiral spring, then shot across the paper about half an inch, when the gyration was again repeated, and this was followed by another dash and some more circles That," said the expert, "is the signature of the cashier of one of the New York banks. Of course there are no letters in it, but we know what it means and could swear by it at any

time. I wouldn't want a better signature. But it you want a longer one, here it is," and he handed out another draft.

The length of this, "he said. "is regulated by the witht of the paper on which it is written. It always actuals from margin to margin. It consists, you see, merely of high up-and-down strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and all of strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and all of strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and all of strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and all of strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and all of strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and all of strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and all of strokes, porfectly pointed at the top, and the same point at the same pointed strokes, but there is an another with the same pointed strokes, but there is an another with the same pointed strokes, but there are fewer of them, and the signature is higher than it is long. But there is one signature is the same and the signature is higher than it is long. But there is one signature we get on checks principally which is more remarkable than either of these. The letters are all the same height, and will reach from top to bottom across the face of a check. At first glance nothing can be made of it, but if you follow the line carefully you can unravel the name, and you will be surprised at its put so the same and t

## Bunger's Postmastership.

BANGOB, Sept. 23.—Since the Augusta Post-mastership has been decided the Democratic eye has been centred on the Banger Post Office, which pays about the same salary, and is yet in the hands of a true blue Republican, Mr. Augustus B. Parnham. Now, when Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bisine were struggling for the Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine were struggling for the first place in the nation, Hanger was chock full of offensive partisans, in office and out. Mr. Farnham is a very slice man, and has held the office of Postmaster here since the time of Grant, but the Democrate feel that they have men just as good as he is, and they are anxious to have one of their kind in Brother Farnham's place. The principal candidates are Frank A. Owes, Charles E. Blies, and Frederick A. Commings the last of whom is famous as the Mayor who kicked against standard time. Mr. Gummings is a strong local politician. Mr. Bliss is manager of the Westers Union Tolsgraph chice here. Mr. Owen is a member of the Democratic State Committee, manager of the Bahger Opera House, and an active hemocrate politician.

As regards the Collector-hip of the Port, Mr. William A. Franca, a Democrate fong standing, and a prominent tumberman, seems to be the most prominent conditions. But in truth it cannot be said that there is any great unaminity among Penobacot Democrate regarding the division of the "spoils."

Maine Hatel Kerpers Want a License Law. BANGOR, Sept. 23.-The other day a lot of Mains hotel keepers held a meeting here to discuss various questions. They came from all over the State, To the surerise of many of those in attendance, the principal subject of discussion was the liquor question. Everything else was lost eight of, and country hotel keepers, heats of the mountain and the seasonst all joined in an orstorical attack upon the Maine law. It seems that many of them who have helatofore supported prohibition have discern that their greeks from New York. Philadelphia, thurst law the reserve that their greeks from New York. Philadelphia, thurst will be assumed to the exactions of the blue laws, and will be patronize the resorts here unless they can be accommodated with what they are accustomed to the commodated with what they are accustomed to the patronize with what they are accustomed to the fillows as though the hotel husiness would be instrumental in bringing about a license law in Matte. The aummer hotels depend upon the hig cities for support, and unless they can afford the accommodations support, and unless they can afford the accommodations deport and unless they can afford the accommodation apport and unless they can afford the accommodation between the patronic and unless they can afford the accommodation of the patronic and unless they can afford the accommodations depend to the patronic and th Everything else was lost sight of, and country hotel

New York News from Copenhagen.

A recent article in the Technic Society's Jours tal of Copenhagen fairly Blustrates the maxim that to get news from Rome one must go abroad. The article describes in detail the building of the Arcade Railroad in this city, which, so it states, is under full headway in this city, which, so it states, is under full headway and is to be completed by July 1, 1884. The excavations have proved, it say, that the isomulations of nearly at the houses along Broadway reach below the plane of the road, and thus one of the greatest difficulties is avoided road, and thus one of the library where beats receive the dirt from the excavation that is brought down as the dirt from the excavation that is brought down as the dirt from the excavation that is brought down as the mork advances northward. One block at a time is down out, the whole with of Broadway, and a temporary out, the whole with of Broadway, and a temporary invalid prince, strongly constructed of two and resting on whose a tools and, takes the place of the payment. As the work is pushed alread, it is wherled after, and the traffic on the street is sever interrupted." The Technic Society's Journal is a reputable periodical of considery ble influence and intended veracity. but they did not hang him to obtain his herd bad man, and they hung him for the good of

They Mowed the Towpath for Dividends. New Haven, Sept. 20.-The death of an old heshire farmer who was a stockholder in the fau farmington Canal, over the towpath of which the Bor Farmington Canal, over the towpath of which the New Haven and Northampton Railroad now runs, has revived a local old-time loke. Mr. Musson, for that was his name, had waited for several veter for a dividend on his canal stock. At longth, soing that there was no prospect of setting solything he went to the President of the company and complained. The latter fold his that there was no dividend and me prospect of one, and that if he waited is get a dividend that aumous there was no dividend and me prospect of one, and was no other way for this to set one than to so house and get his sey the and move the towpath. Mr. Mussen did so. He moved about sight miles of pain, and cut of snoothy hay to not himself, should up per cent on sis stock. After that the stockholder used to may the towpath for dividends every year as long as the fattal wat in existence.

Elepers Caught and a Marriage Prevented. CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—Deraier Mayer, a hand-some girl of about 19, and A. Braham Michael a decent-goking young man of 21 or thereabouts, each being re-spectively daughter and cierk of Mr. Nayer, who keeps spectively daughter and cierk of Mr. Mayer, who keeps a store in doshen, Ind. came to this and to eather last might, and found an assume with a brother of the cleak who lives on Fulton avenue. The part was 10 have been married to day, but the sariy arrival of the 10 mg lade a father, accompanied by two officers chanced beet dama. Mass Mayer was induced to reduce the folly of hieraring without hops of receiving the last the same and forms and some Michael was informed that he could face a less farewell of his late awestinger at the depot it is easily the Union Depot promptly on time, where a note whe given him saying the father and Caughter had taken is set form at Twenty second street.